

# Bill Mathison, Medicine-Man.

How Magic and the Muse Befooled the Blackfeet.

Bill Mathison stood in the cabin doorway malevolently regarding the huddle of many-poled lodges across the river. Shrill yelps rose in a chorus as a copper-colored crane issued from a lodge and hurled maledictions and pieces of firewood at a pack of thieving mongrel dogs. On the flat beyond the topegs, a bunch of ponies, a thousand head or more, of mingled breeds and many colors, were being held together in a compact mass by mounted Indians, while scores on foot prowled through the circling herd, catching trim little ponies and leading them to their tepees.

"Blast 'em!" growled Bill. "If they stay another week, antelope 'll be nae mair plentiful than water on the K. Ave.; an' there'll no be grass eno' on yon bottom tae feed a healthy prairie dog, mair less a bunch o' calves."

"If we was in God's country now," mourned Todd Wayne, as he wiped the last of the breakfast dishes, "an' sech doin's was takin' place, there'd be a bunch uh Injuns hot-footin' it for the reservation, with sartain representatives uh Uncle Sammy givin' 'em a touch uh high life on the rear. These here Canadians is more deliberate."

"Ob, ay! they'll be around." Bill caught a whiff of the rank odor that hangs like a halo about an Indian camp. He slammed the door viciously, and sat down with his feet cocked up on the stove front. "But the red devils 'll be 'round the hides an' jerked meats they'll want by that time. It's a cryin' shame tae see the pair beasts murdered by the hoodred."

"It shore is," Todd agreed, "but I don't see that we got any license 't enforce the game laws—them bucks is somewhat numerous for two white men."

Over in the Blackfoot camp the hunters mounted and rode north; four-score greasy, bead-becked aborigines, wrapped in the many-hued blankets furnished by a benevolent Indian Department, their post-rader rifles looped to their saddle horns.

Ten miles north of the Red Deer no soft-breathed chinook had touched the hills since the first fall of snow. Blizzards, bearing the chill of the ice pack and ever-lying snows, swept up from the north and tore across the wilderness that lies between the North Saskatchewan and the Red Deer, driving the antelope farther and farther south; for when the snow covers the grass on the hills, and buries the sagebrush in the hollows, the prong-horns must seek fresh grazing grounds.

That was why the Blackfeet under Medicine Child jumped the reservation and hunted in the Red Deer country.

Their method was simple and, under the conditions, eminently successful. Then they rode in a body until they came to the deep snow. Then they scattered east, and west still there was a crescent-shaped line of braes, five miles from end to end. In this formation they combed the country, driving thousands of antelope before them to the bend in the river, across which, because of the glassy ice, the prong-horns could not go.

When the frightened wild things surged to and fro, seeking to break through the ever-tightening lines, the Indians cast off their masks of stolidity and fell to slaughtering, with flashing eyes and shrill whooping, until the last antelope had broken desperately, through the line of barking guns or lay unheeding in the trampled snow.

The popping of guns down the river and the sight of the squaws hastening away with skinning knives and pack ponies to carry the meat, provoked Bill Mathison to the utterance of profane sentiments. As he and Todd Wayne surveyed the killing from the roof of the calf shed, and speculated on the length of time it would take to wipe out the antelope on the Red Deer at that rate, there came a fangle of bells, and a single horse sleigh slipped out of the mouth of the coulees down which ran the home ranch trail.

The snow. He glimpsed a line of inscrutable bronze faces peering at him out of the dark. Closer they pressed, until the light of the fire touched their features with its glow, and their figures took on tangible shape. Then Bill faced them with hands outspread. Todd fingered the keys drolourously.

"Have the Blackfeet come to behold the strength of my medicine?" he asked, calmly. Bill spoke the Blackfoot tongue like a chief of the tribe, and wide knowledge of their customs and superstitions gave him a solid foundation to work upon.

"What medicine does the white maa boast of?" Wolf-That-Runs-Swiftly demanded, in a scornful tope.

"Does he think the Blackfeet are little children to fear a fire and a thing that squeaks and groans with a strange voice?"

"Listen! For many days the Blackfeet have had good hunting on the Red Deer. Is it not so?" Bill made a gesture up and down the river.

"Our young men have had good hunting," responded Wolf-That-Runs-Swiftly, spokesman by virtue of his position when medicine talk was made.

"Even so!" thundered Bill. "The hunting has been good—so good that the young men, having powder aplenty, slaughtered the prong-horns for the joy of killing. And now the carcasses, stripped only of hide and tongue, lie on the river bottoms as close together as the cottonwoods in the coulees; so that when the chinook comes the stink of them will drive even the gray badger to the high lands. Wherefore, O men of the Blackfoot nation! the Great Spirit is angry. And he has said to me this night, 'Make medicine, and I, the Great Spirit, will send a sign that the Blackfeet who hunt under Medicine Child may be warned and cease their wanton slaying of the deer.'"

Wolf-That-Runs-Swiftly and Medicine Child exchanged guttural confidences for a minute. The younger Indians stood silent, but the gleam in their roving eyes betoken an uneasy spirit. All through this Todd Wayne with bowed head faithfully squeezed pianissimo strains out of the concertina, oblivious, seemingly, to his surroundings.

"We would see the sign," boldly declared Wolf-That-Runs-Swiftly. "We are no coyotes, to be driven from our hunting by a white man who speaks loudly. Show our young men the sign, white medicine-maker."

Turning his back on the Indians, Bill Mathison threw his arms aloft and shouted invocation to the black masses of cloud-drift overhead. The strident tones of him went welling across the hills. What he said was Greek to the Indians, and even Todd Wayne, though he attended strictly to the orchestral part of the affair, raked his brains to make sense of the words. But Frank Howell, listening through a window, caught such fragments as

"They reeled, they set, they crossed, they creakt. Till lika carlin' swat and reekit. And coast her duffles tae the wark. And linket at it 'er sark."

And he leaned against the case, holding hands to his shaking sides. Of a surety Bill Mathison knew how to conjure up spooks.

Suddenly he ceased and held both hands to his eyes, palms cowering. A sputter, a brilliant sh of blood-red flame that died away in a puff, Bill faced the cabin and, pointing into the gloom, shouted: "Behold! the sign!"

As he spoke a yellow glare showed fearfully bright on what seemed empty atmosphere. In a breath a group of Indians stood where the yellow beam had glared, then they were eclipsed by a squad of mounted police, the Riders of the North, their red coats standing out like splotches of scarlet paint. A brief space they lingered, startingly life-like, then there was nothing but black night.

"Have the Blackfeet seen?" howled Bill. "Let them look again. Behold the sign!"

Bill delivered himself of more language as another scene flashed boldly out. It was a smoke-stained ground—a grim picture, perfect in detail. Back from the bodies—a gaunt, gray wolf squatted on his haunches, nose pointed skyward, as though he were calling his brethren to the gruesome feast.

Bill turned on his heel as the picture went out like a match in the wind, but there was no half circle of glittering-eyed braves. There was nothing but the shuffling pat-pat of many mocassins in the crisp snow, and Todd Wayne, sitting by a few glowing embers, grinning coolly up at him.

"They drifted," said Todd, tersely. "Mon, mon!" Bill Mathison said, earnestly—when, next morning, there was no sign of the Blackfoot camp, "the pair antelope 'll be thankfu' for the night's wark. But wha wad 'a' thought the ignorant bodies wad free a maegeek lantern—an' a bit o' Bobbie Burns!"—Bertrand W. Sinclair.

## Bretton Birthday Party.

A birthday party of 147 men, women and children, all the direct descendants of an old lady 100 years of age, gathered upon the 100th birthday of Mme. Anne le Cleach in the little village of Gullivine in Finisterre this week.

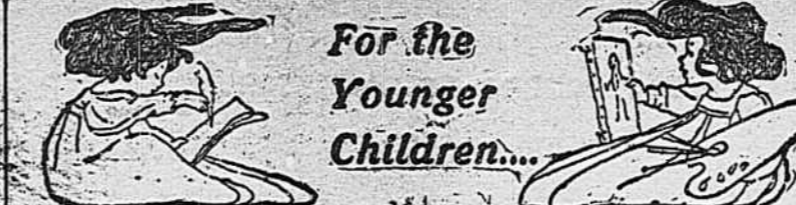
The old lady, who is a widow now, was married at fifteen. She had fourteen children, six of whom are still alive. Mme. le Cleach's oldest granddaughter has herself been a grandmother for seven years. The whole family form rather more than a third of the inhabitants of their village and Mme. le Cleach, who enjoys the best of health, knows every one of them by sight and name.—London Evening Standard.

## Conceded Men Never Popular.

A man who shows himself too well satisfied with himself is seldom pleased with others; and they, in return, are not disposed to like him.—La Rochefoucauld.

## Invisible Forces.

All great forces are invisible and silent; only their effects are seen. The power of a true life, who can measure it?



## GROWN UP PEOPLE.

Margie's mother was sowing some seeds and explaining how they would come up plants.

## A TURTLE DAY.

I want to tell you about an experience I had last spring when I had the turtle fever and was very anxious to find some turtles myself. I started out one morning carrying a net over my shoulder in search of them. I walked all around a little lake where turtles would most likely live, but not a trace could I find. I was about to give up when I remembered a little pond near the lake where I had often seen turtles. I walked cautiously around the edge and then my heart gave a leap, for there in the bottom of the pond, right near the shore, was a turtle. Now every one knows that these reptiles dive into the mud at the least noise, and it requires a cautious and quick movement to get one, so I thought it best to catch it with my hand. Slowly I reached toward it and then made a grab. But ouch! such a slimy, horrid creature I held. "Not like the ordinary water turtle at all, but a soft spongy shell and a big head that twisted around and tried to bite me. I never had such an unpleasant surprise. I dropped the turtle, you may be sure, but after so much labor I was determined not to go home empty-handed. So I tried to take him home in a handkerchief, but his ugly head first peered out from one corner and then from the other. He frightened me so that I dropped him, handker-



ever, and carried away from him and friends and locked in a great iron cage, just large enough to admit of the prisoner having a few feet in which to jump about and get exercise, to depend on forgetful monsters for food and water, to have his or her prison hung in cold or hot places, to be neglected and starved, and again overfed. When they have fancied themselves in this unhappy captivity the boy and girl will have some sort of idea of the unhappy lot of an imprisoned bird.

Now, the world had birds to fly and to sing before man was created. Birds are as much a part of the beautiful earth as are the flowers and trees. There are so many kinds of birds that to just read over the names of a few of the varieties will rouse up any boy's and girl's interest, and they will at once desire to learn something about each of these varieties, and of others that will come under their notice when the subject has been taken up. The tropical countries are richer in variety than are the northern countries. And the birds are larger and more beautifully feathered in the tropics. Many of them have most curious habits, and form a never-ending source of enjoyment to read and study about.

A list of the names of different families of birds, so to speak, is given here, birds that are most interesting to know about. They are the nightingale, the robin, the song thrush, the owl, the nuthatch, the skylark, the magpie, the trogon, the racket-tailed motmot, the bee-eater, the hornbill (many varieties), the laughing jackass, kingfisher, the cuckoo, the mountain parrot, the

## BLIND DUKE.



When I am out at play, Duke jumps and frisks about—Runs when he sees me run—Barks when he hears me shout! And when I trudge to school Who should it be but Duke Galumphing at my heels!

And when sometimes I'm spanked, As every boy must be, Duke, with his single eye, Looks on right angrily; He growls out: "Let that boy be! 'Don't lick that little chum of mine!' And then he licks my tears away, With sympathetic whine!"

—Written for the Weekly Star by Marietta M. Andrews.

## ON THE MERRICK ROAD.

Life on the Merrick road, which leads along the south shore of Long Island, on a sunny Sunday afternoon is a very exciting thing. At sunrise the "honk" of the first automobiles wakes the slumbering resident, and from that time on till late at night there is an endless procession of vehicles going to and fro. There is everything from a \$10,000 French car to a bicycle.

At last-past 4 on Sunday afternoon, a bus full of fellows, who evidently had been on an excursion further down the island, came lumbering along the Merrick road. The occupants, all very much intoxicated, were quarreling among themselves. A couple of them were half asleep. A small boy, a brother of one of the men, sat on the steps, paying no attention to his comrades. The dispute became more and more heated. One of the sleepers woke up, but in spite of the efforts of the rest, the other man could not be aroused. At last, full of anger and alcohol, the company fell upon him and beat him until he jumped out and ran up the road, where a tree for all light followed. Numbers being against him, he soon fell down in the road, when four of the men kicked him in the head. At this a few of the assailants became faint-hearted and ran off, breaking down hedges, trampling over flower beds and arousing all the dogs in the neighborhood.

By this time a policeman and a fireman arrived and arrested four of the chief offenders. Three they let go, taking the drunkenest man to the Board of Health office for the night, and to Mineola jail. The one who had been kicked was taken to a doctor, where he had his head tied up. The road in the wake of the wagon was strewn with sausages, beer bottles and tin cans. The town officials arrested fifteen automobiles for fast driving. This was an exciting Sunday for Freeport.—Harriet T. Mumford, in the New York Tribune.

## LOVE THE BIRDS.

The birds of different countries and climes make a most interesting study, and the more we learn of our little feathered kindfolk of the air the more will we love them and hold their life and liberty dear. To destroy the life of a bird for the purpose of mere killings—to display one's marksmanship—is simply murder, and nothing more, even though the victim be a bird. Life is given to all creatures of the air, the waters and the land by our Creator, and not one should be held lightly. Therefore, when children kill birds for the mere sake of killing them, they are committing very grievous sin. And to capture and cage them is even more wicked, for a bird in a cage is the same as a child in a prison, removed from all that it holds dear in life. Every boy and girl who reads this should try to imagine himself and herself kidnapped by some great monster, with whom he and she had no connection what-



## TALKED AT WRONG TIME.

Apparently the English law courts share the poke maker's attitude toward talkative wives. It is not strange for a judge to feel that way after having grown gray in hearing domestic troubles aired in court. In a London municipal court in a separation suit recently, the wife plaintiff was on the stand. First, she appeared subdued and nervous, but suddenly becoming more "at home," she burst forth into an astonishing flow of words. Judge Bacon at first was overwhelmed by the rising tide. At last, however, he cried loudly: "Be quiet, woman! You are not talking to your husband!"—New York Press.

## TELL FORTUNES WITH GRASS.

A simple method of telling fortunes, quite as unique and interesting as the daisy method, is to use four blades of wiry grass five or six inches long. Name the grass with your sweetheart's name. Place the blades together and tie in a single knot. Then take two blades and tie near the end in a double knot. Repeat this with the remaining blades until there are four such knots. Then untie the centre knot. The form the grass assumes determines your fortune; namely, one circle means that your sweetheart loves you; two separate circles that he hates you; a circle within a circle that he is going to propose to you.—New Haven Register.

## MARRIED IN HASTE.

It has been said that the experienced man would never marry if he didn't marry in haste, because he knows too well the proposition that he must face and fight, but, lucky indeed is the man who does marry in haste if the helpmate is fortified with something more than her physical strength—because, there comes a time when it is convenient to fall back on a substantial fortune. Not all suitable candidates are so blessed, but, perchance a man can boast of

the absolute affection and tested sympathy of such a one and that affection is crowned with all the desirable attainments and attributes of character, then, let him marry in haste, he should be congratulated indeed. With him there is no occasion for regret, there is no bitterness or no soreness. But let him watch out—in the final inning impulse may overthrow his most flattering prospects.—New Haven Register.

## OVERDRESSING.

"Nothing is too bizarre and nothing is too expensive to appeal to the woman with the overdressing microscope," said a New York designer, "really beautiful clothes. It is strange that so many women are devoid of the sense of what is appropriate in dress. Gowns which would be attractive at an afternoon reception are worn shopping; velvets and jewels and trailing skirts and fluffy feather boss burden half the women you meet walking on the fashionable thoroughfares, women who think—save the mark!—that they are taking exercise. It is the same in England. On any of the smart West End streets you may see of a morning any number of these overdressed women, their elaborate costumes topped by a creation of flowers and feathers and ribbons and beads fearful and wonderful to behold. Once upon a time the well dressed woman wore a neat tailor made gown on most outdoor occasions."—New York Tribune.

## WOMAN'S DARING TRIP.

Miss Charlotte Mansfield, poetess, novelist and explorer, who undertook an expedition overland from Cape to Cairo, through some of the wildest parts of Africa, was forced to give up her journey by the sleeping sickness in the region where Theodore Roosevelt hunted. The daring trip was started last winter. Miss Mansfield was accompanied by an ex-nonce-commissioned army officer and his wife, and two score of natives were in her train. Her object was, in part, to study the folklore of the natives and to interview the pygmies. She attempted little hunting beside that necessary to secure food. When she returns to England it is expected she will write a book on her adventures. She has already gained a name as an authoress, her novels, "Torn Laces" and "The Girl and the Gods," having attracted much attention. She made her way as far as possible on the Cape-to-Cairo Railroad and then plunged into the wilderness, facing many hundreds of miles of tramping.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

## PERTAINING TO PARASOLS.

When your parasol gets shabby, don't throw it away, there are numerous possibilities in it. When the covering is worn at the seams, cover it with a bit of lace, inserting oval pieces of applique; stitch it firmly to the material on the outside and cut the worn silk from underneath. Worn edges can be finished with a frill of inch-wide velvet or silk ribbon in the middle of each panel. The ribbon is gathered in the centre and is made one tone deeper than the parasol. For greater elaboration the bow knot can be arranged in the middle of each panel. If the parasol is spotted in one



The life that has never contained a garden of some sort is a barren waste, no matter with what artificial pleasures it may have been crowded, declares Anne Ericson Cudlippe, in the Designer. There is nothing comparable to the joy of planting, tending and daily watching the unfolding of bud and blossom which we have called into existence, excepting always the dependence of a little child upon your love and guidance. Shall suggest no rules for converting your bare yards into bowers of loveliness, for long-suppressed personal whims and fancies should be harmlessly indulged in the establishment of a true garden. For those whose chiefest pleasure lies in anticipation there are many weeks to be spent selecting the vines, shrubs and plants most admired, to be welcomed as old friends when they have finally taken their appointed place in the garden.

Nor will this familiarity rob them of new and interesting features. On the other hand, the impetuous nature, fond of surprises, can cast the responsibility of selection upon the very willing, capable florist who, given conditions, furnishes bulbs, seeds and plants, the existence of which was never dreamed, and each day's unfolding offers continual delightful surprises of color and form lasting throughout the blooming season.

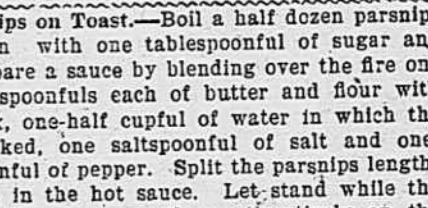
It is always possible to drape the sharp, harsh outlines of buildings in a mantle of green, even where there is room for nothing more, and no walk should be without its arbor.

Orange is among the most popular colors. Low shoes are ornamented with big buckles. Shaded silk hosiery has something of a vogue. Much black velvet is being used in millinery. The flower hat is now the rival of the peachbasket. There is a fad for inset lace medallions on stockings. Braided and embroidered cotton soutache buttons prevail. Jet and bead tringes are much used on the smartest gowns. Muslin evening frocks are touched with metallic trimming. New Paris hats are all large and show divergent trimmings. The directoire tunic of real lace is new and exceedingly pretty. Lace monograms appear on some of the most fashionable stockings. Washable chamols gloves are shown both in natural color and white. Tucks still hold favor, but buttons have outrun them in the race for first place. Collarless gowns are more freely worn in daytime than for many seasons past.

There is a remarkable prevalence of foulard in the handsomest daytime gowns. Net gloves, the coolest things that can be worn, may now be had with embroidered backs. Suits of silk, from the thick and heavy shantungs, which permit of insets of really handsome lace, to the lightest and thinnest of Japanese or glace, hold their own.

## Young Men Lazy.

The young man has had his day so long in the United States that it is of more than passing interest to find that a majority of the clerks in the Department of Labor who are to go out as a result of Secretary Nagel's housecleaning are the younger members of the staff. Some of the old men have lost their usefulness through superannuation, but the boys show the greater amount of laziness and general shiftlessness. The theory that a man of fifty and more is out of the race when once he loses his job is not borne out by this experience in Washington. The young chap is more valuable than the old one if he can show an equal amount of fidelity, steadiness and uniformity of output. But the distractions of life are more likely to cause his mind to wander and to make him an unreliable cog in the industrial machinery. For this reason there is still room, even in America, for the steady old hand who makes up for his lack of celerity with other qualities that are just as valuable to his employer.—Nebraska State Journal.



Glove-fitting bodices are predicted. The bolero fashion is at hand again. Children once more wear the pin-flores. Orange is among the most popular colors. Low shoes are ornamented with big buckles. Shaded silk hosiery has something of a vogue. Much black velvet is being used in millinery. The flower hat is now the rival of the peachbasket. There is a fad for inset lace medallions on stockings. Braided and embroidered cotton soutache buttons prevail. Jet and bead tringes are much used on the smartest gowns. Muslin evening frocks are touched with metallic trimming. New Paris hats are all large and show divergent trimmings. The directoire tunic of real lace is new and exceedingly pretty. Lace monograms appear on some of the most fashionable stockings. Washable chamols gloves are shown both in natural color and white. Tucks still hold favor, but buttons have outrun them in the race for first place. Collarless gowns are more freely worn in daytime than for many seasons past.

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